The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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POETRY.

What is a Year?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now, and strong as when
It first with life did start.
What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.
What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the mists of morn
Beneath the summer sun.
What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green,
Next, summer's prime succeeds the spring,
Then autumn with a tear,
Then comes old winter—death—and all
Must find their level there.

Select Miscellany.

Three Brave Men.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"But they do not suit me," said Barbara, coolly tying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty, I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you have never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"That is no sign he is a coward. There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It's not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," said she at last.

That evening, Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara?" he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night, when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeably thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty, at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up stairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will do that, and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that wing of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay there until morning," said the imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

"I vow it."

Ernest turned straightway, and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and sacred, and evidently wanted to hurry away; but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair.—The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the chair. "Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile, Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp, when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you in vain."

"You give me a light and a bottle of wine, and a book to read?"

"Nothing!"

"Are these all the conditions you offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose voluntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness and the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do really a brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara?"

"I have a proposal to make you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me!"

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You will find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as he required, and saw the tanner step lithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil. The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them, and they smelled flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with the back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed, in fright, using the very first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The d—l take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more outraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying to lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning:

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in his coffin.

So she married him; and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

The Western Desert.

Not one year has passed since we rode over the Western plains in a stage coach between the termini of the Union and Central Pacific railroads, (distance seven hundred miles,) seated beside the driver night and day until the whole distance was accomplished, and we profess to know something about the appearance and condition of the American desert. There is absolutely no grass on the route of these roads, with rare exceptions. The prevailing characteristic is hopeless sterility. Sage bush and alkali flats cover an enormous expanse of country, which is no more tillable than the pavement in Broadway, the soil being so impregnated with strong mineral salts that neither animal or vegetable life can subsist on it.

A coach passenger might ride for [illegible] without seeing other signs of life [illegible] heard or coyote, or per chance [illegible] scampering antelopes. A tuft [illegible] grass" is pointed out as a curiosity. several instances Wells, Fargo & Co. were compelled to transport water for their stock thirty miles. Cattle that drink from natural pools are likely to leave their carcasses in the sand before getting far. Wide valleys or "sinks" are white with pure soda as to resemble expansive sheets of water glistening in the sun, and this illusion is so perfect that it is with difficulty dispelled even when wagon trains are seen wearily moving across.

It will be remembered that Gen. Pope endeavored to produce artificial irrigation by sinking wells, but the effect was finally abandoned. Even on the line of the Union Pacific road some wells proved to be without value, on account of the corrosive properties of the water when used to make steam. The huge wooden tanks speedily became incrusted with a mineral deposit.

The fact is simply this, that the bulk of all good soil worth having on the line of the old emigrant trail is within the limits of Utah, and the more immediate jurisdiction of Brigham Young. The great Mormon prophet had sagacity enough to appropriate the choice spots, and it is only when approaching the region of Salt Lake, either from the east or west, that the soil possesses many attractions to the agriculturist. It is true that here and there cattle grazers are doing well on spots especially favored with water, and many others (in the aggregate quite large) are susceptible of cultivation if water could be found. Whether the demands of an increasing population will induce culture of the soil under circumstances so unpropitious, time will disclose.—*N. Y. Rep.*

CHANGE IN CLIMATE.—An agricultural speaker in Texas, at a recent Fair, alluded to the promising agricultural prospects of the State, and remarked that the droughts so frequent a few years ago, have passed away, and that several seasons in succession have been fruitful. He concludes that the climate has changed, and that the greater rainfall, or perhaps its more uniform distribution, is the result of the disuse of the prairie fires, and the growth of forests in vast regions of the State. During the last few years immense prairies have been obliterated, and are now covered with timber.

This is a curious confirmation of the theory in regard to forests. In Texas, where forests have grown up, droughts have ceased. Elsewhere in the world where forests have been cut away droughts have occurred, freshets are common and sudden, and the rainfall is unequally distributed.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A singular change seems to be creeping over all our Western regions under settlement, in the matter of climate and of rain. Summer rains are rapidly on the increase, and the necessity of irrigation is lessening, especially for the grains and slow growing vegetables. When the Mormons first went to Utah, there was no rain from April to November; but now summer showers are of frequent occurrence. It is so in Colorado and California—there is a growth in the moisture of the summer and a lessening need of artificial watering for the main crops. The phenomenon is peculiar, and has yet received no satisfactory explanation. Connected with this change, it is observed that Salt Lake is growing in size and freshness, and the Jordan increasing in width and sluggishness of movement. In broader phrases, the whole basin, once filled with water, is slowly rising at the rate of a foot a year. General Conner's little steamboat, that has been carrying ties for the railroad accross the lake during the last years, certainly rode for a mile over what was good grazing ground five years before. Does Providence propose to drown the Mormons out and with water solve the problem that is puzzeling our moral philosophers and statesmen?—*Olympia Trans.*

GREAT STORMS IN THE LAST CENTURY.—The great storms of past times far exceed any of those of the present century. The storm which occurred in England, November 26 and 27, 1703, was called the "great storm," as it was one of the most terrible that ever raged there. The devastation on land was immense, and on the coast and in the harbor the loss in shipping and in lives still greater. The loss in London alone was estimated at £2,000,000. Eight thousand persons were thought to be drowned in the floods on English rivers and on the coasts. Twelve men-of-war, with more than 1,800 men on board were lost within sight of land. In the county of Kent 17,000 trees were torn up. Multitudes of cattle were destroyed; in one level which was flooded 15,000 sheep were drowned. It was during this terrific gale that the Eddystone lighthouse was carried away and its ingenuous inventor and his associates perished.

The Uses of Salt.

A hot salt bath is one of the most powerful tonics which can be employed in the various skin diseases so prevalent in new countries, and for persons of delicate constitutions, who find themselves at the bottom round of the ladder of health.

If you think you cannot afford time for a bath, take a crash towel ring it out of strong brine, let it dry, and when you get out of bed in the morning rub yourself from top to toe till the skin is in a glow. It will not take more than three minutes of your time, and you will feel the good of it all day.

For congestion of the lungs, a napkin wrung out of hot brine and laid over the chest, changing as soon as cool, will give relief. In cases of bleeding of the lungs, dry salt, swallowed in [illegible] will at least arrest the bleeding until other measures can be taken for relief. For a sprained ankle or wrist, make a bag and fill it partly with salt, quilt it several times across to hold the salt in place, bind it upon the affected part and keep it saturated with strong hot vinegar. For inflamation of the bowels, nothing can be better for an outward application than to take the yolks of six eggs, stir in salt sufficient to make a poultice, spread it upon a piece of linen, or cotton, and apply to the part. It will be moist and consequently keep cool for twenty four hours.

There are those who discard the use of salt for any ordinary purpose, and of course if there are any such who read this article, they will be greatly pleased to see it classed among drugs and used only as a medicine. But we by no means wish to be understood as joining in the raid against the use of salt in food. We make use of it in almost everything we cook, and think some dishes are unfit to eat if it be wanting. We could doubtless accustom ourselves to its disuse, as to other disagreeable things, could we be convinced of the sense of it. But it seems to us when we see a cow lick the end of a salt barrel until the skin is worn off of her tongue, and the blood drips from the corners of her mouth, that there is a pretty strong indication of a *natural* taste for salt. May be *human* animals don't have such a taste naturally, but somehow they acquire it easily.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.

An exchange says: "In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves but to those with whom we are brought into business contact, those thus afflicted may be benefitted by trying the following remedy: "Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of common salt in about half a tumblerful of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually just before meal time.—The result has been that during the winter we were not only freed from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat.

THE COFFEE TRADE.—Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee. That known in trade as Rio is a Beoxilian coffee. Of the 712,000,000 pounds produced by the world per annum, Brazil furnishes 400,000,000, more than half of the whole; Java 140,000,000; Ceylon 40,000,000; St. Domingo 40,000,000; Cuba and Porto Rico 25,000,000; Venezuela 25,000,000; Sumatra 25,000,000; all others, including the Mocha, 18,000,000. The United States is the greatest consumer. We use in the United States nearly one-third of all the coffee consumed in the world, using nearly seven times as much as Great Britain, with a population not very far from the same. Germany comes next.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY.—Population about 1,000,000, and one-half were born in the United States, and the other half in foreign countries, of forty different nationalities. Four million barrels of flour and 9,000,000 bushels of wheat are brought in every year; number of animals received at the markets in a year, including beef cattle, milch cows, calves, sheep and swine, is 2,776,492; city meat bill for one year is over $30,000,000. There are 700 bakers, 1,400 butchers, and 2,600 grocers who find occupation in furnishing food for the people. Not only meat but drink must be had for our population. An aqueduct, forty miles in length, costing $30,000,000, pours into our reservoirs 60,000,000 gallons daily. The total length of the Croton main pipes now laid is over 313 miles, and the water has been introduced into 66,925 dwellings and stores, 1,616 manufactories and 307 churches.—The yearly sum paid for water rents is $1,319,544. Tea and coffee to the amount of $30,000,000 are annually brought to the city. The money spent for intoxicating liquors is variously estimated from $38,000,000 to $68,000,000 a year.

HOW THE WESTERN STATES GROW.—In 1850, Illinois had a population of 851,000; Missouri of 672,000, and Iowa of 192,000. Ten years later, the population of Illinois and of Missouri had doubled, and that of Iowa had increased nearly fourfold. The railroad system effected these great changes. In 1870, Iowa will have a population of 1,200,000. Five railroads are being constructed East and West across the State, and others are anticipated.

Polar Explorations.

The indications are not encouraging of the speedy establishment of [illegible] intercourse with the Arc[illegible]. That mythical locality, the [illegible] which so severely taxes the [illegible] tion in fruitless but well-[illegible] to divine its origin and [illegible] the researches of hardy navig[illegible] factually as in the days of Wo[illegible] and Ross.

We find in the German papers some statements, furnished by [illegible] Petermann, about the late voyage in the Polar seas of the steamer Albert, which reached the northernmost point of her voyage (80 degs., 14 mins. north latitude, 9 degs., [illegible] mins. east longitude) on the 20th of June last. Here the ice formed an impassable barrier, and after cruising in various directions for two months, and visiting [illegible] Spitzbergen, [illegible] localities, the object [illegible] expedition was abandoned, and the vessel began her homeward voyage. Three other vessels, belonging respectively to England, Norway and Russia, have also been engaged this year in exploring the Arctic regions. The Diana sailed from Glasgow in April last; but, though her party reached Nova Zembla in May, and Spitzbergen in June, they were unable to pass the 80th degree. The Norwegian expedition was a small affair, consisting of but a single sloop; but the captain pushed boldly into the Carian Sea, sailed along the Siberian coast, reached the White Islands, and returned home after slaughtering great numbers of walruses, seals, and bears. The Russian expedition sailed in August, with the intention of establishing direct communication by sea between Norway and Siberia, but we have as yet had no report from it.

Animalcules.

If some hay is placed in a glass of pure rain water and allowed to soak for a few days in a sunny place, and if then be removed, the water will be found, under a microscope, to contain many small moving things, which are called infusoria, from their being produced after infusing the hay. The eggs which were on the hay bred three myriads of small things, which often have a very beautiful coat of transparent flint or silicia. If the water is kept clean; and is not allowed to decompose or smell, generations of the infusora live, die, and fall to the bottom of the glass. They form a delicate film there, and minute portions of it when examined under a high magnifying power, show the silicious skeletons of shells very distinctly. Now many strata in the earth are formed entirely of the remains of infusoria, and a very familiar example is the Tripoli powder, from the polishing slate of Bilin in Bohemia. A single grain of Tripoli powder contains no fewer than 187,000,000 of the transparent flinty skeletons of dead anamacules; yet the layers of earth which are made up of them at Bilin, extend for miles. In the harbor of Wisenar, in the Baltic, they increase and multiply at a great rate, for 17,496 cubic feet of mud are formed every year there and every grain of it contains 1,000,000,000 of the beautiful solicious remains of the infusoria. In the island of Barbadoes there is a thick mass of the most beautiful flinty sea anamacules, and they are in such numbers that it must be supposed the dead minute things were constantly falling in showers from the sea to the bottom.

The Eyeless Fish.

Capt. D. H. Feger has just arrived in the city from a tour somewhat extended, embracing, among other things, an underground railroad trip through the utmost recesses of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, of whose wonders he made thorough and repeated investigations. Among other things, he essayed to capture and bring out alive one of those wonders of animated life, the eyeless fish of Lake Cethe, and he has accomplished that in which no one else has succeeded the taking it away and preserving it alive, so as to bring it with him to this city, and it is now at the rooms of the Hancock Club, where we had the pleasure yesterday of inspecting it. It is, as its name indicates, without any eyes whatever, and about five or six inches long, much like a catfish in shape, but without scales or outer skin, and is perfectly transparent. It feeds entirely on the animalculæ to be found in water, and this must be regularly changed to supply it with food. The water must be kept at a uniform temperature of about 57 degrees Fahrenheit, special care being taken to keep it from being too warm.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Sunday Reading.

Saturday Night.

[illegible] another week with all its [illegible] dreams, [illegible] one down into the dead past. The [illegible] drum of Time has beat the [illegible] march of seven more days. Their events alone live now in the minds. At the midnight hour we lay our left hand on the coffin lid of the dead days, and stretch our right to rock the cradle of the newborn week that comes with the sun in the morning. Saturday night! Who does not welcome it? It is the curtain lifting itself from the couch of repose, the day-rest of to-morrow. We have all read "The Cotter's Saturday night" of Robert Burns, and all have loved it, too. Each on a [illegible] his hour of [illegible] [illegible] labor hand, and [illegible] homeward with buoyant heart and elastic tread. His heart love and his nestlings are there. Happy man, happy home, and happy souls. A week is gone, duty is done. Awaiting his coming the dear one has the hearth a little brighter, though it be always bright, and she smiles a little sweeter, though her smiles are always sweet, to-night. The week is past and their tasks are done. She has the smile the caress, the love-word for him who through the week has faithfully fought her life-battles, and with these she greets his coming, and he and each one feels that she before him is the prettiest and best wife in the world, because she is his world. Ah, well, this is all as it should be. Away yonder, across the great Gulf that "frets and foams and roars between," is one who would greet *our* coming thus: Her soul-blossoms are wafted across the wide waters for us. In the distant city, the cradle of the sea ere lulled to sleep by the waves that lash her island home, she thought of us. Before she gathered up the long dark tresses, parting from her pure and beauteous brow, and laid herself down to repose, she prayed for us, and in her sweet and holy slumbers she will dream of us. She loves us—we love her. And this too, is well. The clock has struck twelve; it is no longer Saturday night.

The Sea of Galilee.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Chronicle* gives the following discription of the Sea of Galilee:

"Once these waters were alive with crafts of all sorts, and a mighty commerce had its seat on these shores, but that famous navy has dwindled to a couple of small fishing boats, both of which we hire for our next day's excursion. Afloat on the bosom of the Gennesareth! Softly the winds waft us past the old houses of Tiberias, with its crumbling Saracen wall. We are heading to the north. Soon the breeze freshens—the gathering waves toss us finely, and spatter us with the spray. This is really worth having—a gale on the Sea of Galilee. Several hours' sail bring us to Tell Hum, regarded by many as the site of ancient Capernaum. We land among a wilderness of giant weeds and thistles, which it is all but impossible to penetrate. We manage, however, to find the broken columns and cornices, which are the only remaining relics of importance. Travelling homewards along the shore, we pass the reputed sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin, but all is lifeless and desolate. Perished are the glories of the past; and a voice seems to breathe in the very winds that rustle among the weeds, uttering the threnody of their blasted fortunes; "Wo unto thee, Chorazin! wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. And thou Capernaum, which art exhaulted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

A Word for Local Newspapers.

We take the following from the New York Tribune. It is true, and we commend it to every one who has an interest in the place where he resides: "Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of what they pay for advertising, &c., as so much given in charity. Newspapers, by enhancing the value of property in the neighborhood and giving localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants, or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the meagre sum they pay for their support. Besides, every public spirited citizen has a laudable pride of having a paper of which he is not ashamed, even though he should pick it up in New York or Washington. A good-looking, thriving sheet helps prop- gives a character to locality, and many respects a desirable public c- jence. If from any cause the matter in the local or editorial column should not be to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it good for nothing, until satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than has been paid for. If you want a good reliable sheet it must be supported not in a spirit of charity, either, but because you feel it a necessity to support it. The local press is the power that moves the people."

The Closing Decade.

Standing upon the threshold of 1870 looking back upon the year that has now drawn to a close, it contains scarcely any memories so everlasting as those of the famous dead, who during its cycle have been gathered to their eternal rest. In these twelve months death has been busy amongst those who have filled exalted military and civic positions in our country's government. The last of our ex-Presidents who had received their office direct from the hands of the people was Franklin Pierce; Admiral Stewart and General Wool were the nation's oldest servants in the navy and army, and nearly the only ones who held high stations in our last conflict with Great Britain while six statesmen have died, who as Cabinet officers had exercised a powerful, and sometimes almost controlling influence upon national policy. Messrs. Fessenden, Walker, and Guthrie were Secretaries of the Treasury; Messrs. Stanton and Rawlins had directed the War Office; Amos Kendall had been Postmaster General, and when 1869 had nearly run its course, there passed away the man who, had his life been spared, would have shone as brilliantly in jurisprudence as he had already done in the management of immense armies. Mr. Peabody's remains are on the way to his native country, and Henry J. Raymond was a representative man of the highest class of American journalism.—*Wilmington Post.*

The Dead of 1869.

Last year was remarkable for the deaths of men prominent in public life. In the United States we notice the following:

On January 8th, John Minor Botts and General Lowell H. Rousseau; January 25, Ex-Governor Francis W. Pickins, of South Carolina; on March 14th James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury under President Pierce; March 27th, James Harper, the well known book publisher of New York; July 30th, Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy under President Buchanan; on September 6th, General John S. Rawlins, Secretary of War; on September 8th, William Pitt Fessenden, U. S. Senate; September 10th, Hon. John Bell; October 8th, Ex-President Franklin Pierce; October 16th, Ex-Governer Joseph Ritner, of Pennsylvania; November 4th, George Peabody, the eminent philanthrophist; November 7th, Admiral Charles Stewart; November 10th, General John Ellis Wood; November 11th, Hon. Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk; November 12th, Hon. Amos Kendall, Postmaster General under President Jackson; November 21st, Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, and on December 21st, Hon. Edwin Macy Stanton, Secretary of War under President Lincoln and Johnson.

Public Lands in the South.

In response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, the Department of the Interior recently furnished the following facts: The estimated number of acres of public land unsold and unappropriated, after deducting all disposals as far as reported, is thus given:

Florid[illegible]

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1870.

G. W. SITES, Associate Editor.

This week we resume the publication of the *People's Press*. As announced in the prospectus we issued, we will advocate a liberal political policy, avoiding extremes on either [illegible] as best calculated to restore [illegible] and general prosperity [illegible]re in favor of economy, [illegible]d reform in the administ[illegible] public affairs. High taxes are very oppressive, particularly to an impoverished people, and should be carefully guarded against.

In short we have made ample arrangements to publish an independent newspaper, and have secured the services of Dr. G. W. Sites as associate editor. Dr. Sites is too well known in this community to need an introduction, and he [illegible] for [illegible] below. We now [illegible] call and subscribe for the Press.

☞ All business letters and communications should be addressed to the proprietors, L. V. & E. T. Blum.

To Our Friends--*Greeting:*

With this issue of the *People's Press*, the undersigned takes charge of the editorial department. He has done so at the solicitation of many personal and political friends and after mature deliberation, with the intention of making it, as far as lies in his power, the exponent of the rapidly increasing liberal sentiment of North-Western Carolina. As announced by him upon his recent retirement from the co-editorship of the Asheville *News*, he has long been in favor of a fusion of political views, for purposes conducive to the interests of the people of the State, and for no ulterior reasons, upon that platform which has already produced such beneficent results in our sister States of Virginia and Tennessee, and which promises still better and brighter things for the future. Believing that the issues of the past should be buried with the past, that we should not look back to indulge in regrets that are unavailing and complaints that are criminal, but that we should gird up our loins and step forward with bold and manly hearts to improve the future, and rescue the little that is left us from the ruthless grasp of the selfish politicians and unprincipled adventurers who would plunge us still deeper into ruin and disgrace, he will make no apologies for the course he has deemed proper for him to pursue, feeling confident that time, which tries all things, will vindicate his motives, and crown the efforts of himself and his co-laborers, with a deserved success.

Nearly five years have passed away since the banner of the South was lowered in defeat, but not in dishonor, and the people have become wearied of the crimination and recrimination, the social ostracism, the political rancor, the unrepublican Republicanism, the flagrant disregard of popular rights by ephemeral placemen, and the general turmoil throughout the country disturbing society and paralysing business in all its ramifications, all of which evils have existed since the close of the great conflict. The people yearn for rest from their troubles; for the peace that was promised them after the echo of the last hostile gun had died away. They appreciate their impotence while discord and division reign in their counsels, and demand that calmness, moderation and conciliation shall take the place of violence, party rage and mutual animosity. They are ceasing to look with favor upon the efforts of extremists on either side, who, to advance personal ends and gratify partisan or sectional spite, would keep open the wounds of the past and then weep crocodile tears over the miseries which are pressing us to the earth; and they are concentrating, slowly but surely, around the progressive men of acceptable ideas and liberal sentiments, who advocate a new departure upon a path that cannot fail to lead us to a prosperous goal.

Let the Legislature of North Carolina look to itself, hurry through with its business, and then flee, if it can, from the wrath to come. The people, of all political parties, are wearied of the scandals to which it has already given rise, and which have lowered the State in the estimation of good men everywhere. Posterity will remember it by the unenviable appellation of the "Great Grab Assembly," and it has merited the obloquy thus implied. The grab game was never more strikingly exemplified or more unblushingly carried on. Let the Legislature look to itself, and endeavor to scare up enough virtue to keep its hands from going too deeply into the pockets of an impoverished people for the remainder of the session. Let the session be short. Twenty-six dollars a day to each individual member is too high a price for poor men to pay for the mere privilege of being robbed. The Northern Legislatures do their robbing at a much cheaper rate. Twenty-six dollars a day! Do the people ever think of that? With bonds down to ruling and ruining the State, who are omitting no opportunity to perpetuate their despised and badly used authority as long as possible, and who, in their failure to further mislead, would still attempt, by means of military bills and other unrepublican enactments, to intimidate and force the masses to the acceptance of measures repugnant to the genius of true liberty.

Influential journals in this, and other Southern States, have lifted the Liberal banner and are bearing it right nobly onward. The undersigned extends to them the warm right hand of fellowship, and trusts they will not falter by the way, nor become weary in well-doing.

He will not trust himself to thank in mere words the many esteemed friends who extended to him a cordial welcome home; it is a duty for which language is too poor. He will, however, seek to merit their kind regards, and hopes they will sustain him in his efforts to give them a fresh, racy, readable and independent journal.

To those who have cast a [illegible] approving eye upon the [illegible] chosen to pursue, he has [illegible] he is neither displeased nor [illegible] He feels that those who are holding off now, will be all right when they become further enlightened. The door of the Liberal party is wide open, and when they feel inclined to enter they will be welcome. There are no test-oaths, recantations, retrospective word-traps, or worn-out party shibboleths to disturb the equanimity of those who seek admission; but let them enter boldly, confessing their faith before all men, and not try to sneak in by some back door or rat hole.

GEO. WALTER SITES.

State Legislature.

The Legislature has resumed the session unavoidably interrupted by the Christmas Holidays, and is now in full blast again. It is to be earnestly hoped that it will complete its business, if it has any, in the shortest time practicable, and permit its members, who are undoubtedly restive at their detention in Raleigh, to seek the bosoms of their families for good, for we feel certain those bosoms are affectionately yearning for their return. If we had a family, we know exactly how *its* bosom would yearn, under the circumstances. From the time the Legislature convened in November last, up to the recess, we do not know that it did anything for the good of the State or the relief of the people. We cannot place our finger upon a single act that was of the slightest general benefit, and judging the future by the past, the prospect is sufficiently discouraging. The State bonds are going down, down, down, and at their late ratio of depreciation, it is fair to presume they will be purchased in a short time at the price of wrapping-paper. It seems that the present Legislature is utterly powerless to retrieve the credit which its recklessness, ignorance, and unfaithfulness to the public interests combined to destroy, and we honestly believe that even if it had the power, it is too much under the influence of "Rings," and cabals, and cliques, to exercise it. These are hard words, we admit, but they have been merited, and the people who have been misled by motives, which we believe to have been conscientious motives, into voting for those of the present members who have betrayed their high trust, will not be so deceived again. The heart of the great mass of the people, whether they class themselves as Liberals, as Republicans, or as Conservatives, is an honest heart, and throbs for the general good. Of course, as in every flock, there are black sheep, and some of them, unfortunately, are bell-wethers who attempt to lead the rest astray, but the people themselves, of all shades of political opinion, are right at the core, and intend to have the right thing done by them or know the reason why it is not done; and, if there be offence upon the part of those whom they have invested with authority to speak and act for them, let them be Republicans, Conservatives, or what they will, they will visit heavy indignation upon the head of the offender.

☞ We see by the news from Spain, in the New York papers, that the Spanish government is considering the propriety of sending General Parales to Cuba, as Captain General. Despairing of conquering the rebellious Cubans in any other way, it is a bright idea to strike them with *parales-is*.

☞ The government is still employing severe measures against the Indians on the frontiers. Had it not better take in hand the rascally Indian agents, whose long-continued and shameful frauds upon the red man have incited him to reprisal and butchery?

☞ The recent municipal elections in the eastern part of the State have nearly all gone in favor of the extreme Republicans. Those in the western part of the State exhibit for the most part, a healthier state of public feeling.

☞ The "cold snap," of a few days past, afforded ice sufficient to fill nearly all the ice houses in the place.

the almost microscopical figure of 27 cents on the dollar, it takes just about twenty-six dollars per day to pay each member of either House. This is an interesting little sum for the people to work out, and if they cannot appreciate its bearings now, they will be apt to do so when the tax-gatherer makes some future call, and presses his heavy finger upon that most sensitive of all nerves,—the "pocket nerve."

The Homestead Law.

Judge Brooks, of the United States Court for this District, has decided that the Homestead Law is *not* retrospective, and therefore does not apply to debts contracted prior to the adoption of the existing State Convention. This decision, coming from the next highest Court to the Supreme Court of the United States, commands the serious attention of our people, who should be wise in time and endeavor to compromise their old affairs. If they do not, they may be worsted in the long run. There is so much humbuggery about our legislation and judicial decisions now-[illegible] that no confidence can be placed [illegible]one way or the other. Our legis-[illegible]pon matters ostensibly intended [illegible]e relief of the people is nothing but patch-work, and very poor patch-work at that—more holes than stitches, and sometimes it cannot be told which is the stitch and which is the hole. The question is then carried before the Courts, and what one Court says, another unsays, and both will quote first-class law for their respective opinions. Thus we are like men in a ship afloat without chart, compass or rudder, "at the mercy of the rude waves" which had just as lief wreck us on the shoals as not. We tell the people that the storm has only lulled, not passed over, and they had better be getting ready for the clearing-up shower, for it will be a heavy one.

The Reconstruction Hobby.

Georgia, after having been duly reconstructed in strict accordance with the rules prescribed by the last Congress, has just been remanded by the present Congress to a territorial condition, and is to be run through the reconstruction mill again. In this unprecedented instance, the Union has been dissolved by the very act of Congress itself, and Georgia, one of the glorious old thirteen, which always was a State from the formation of the Federal government, is now kicked out of the family by that body which she assisted to create. It is a strange paradox of our republican government, as republicanism is expounded now-a-days by the *extremists* who control it, that the creature is superior to the creator, and this fact is exemplified in the treatment of Georgia.

Strong symptoms are being exhibited that Virginia is also to be subjected to a more rigorous discipline, and that Tennesse is to hear another crack of the whip. The success of the Liberals in both these great States, while it was hailed with undisguised satisfaction by *moderate* and *patriotic* men all over the land, aroused the alarm and ire of the *extremists*, who saw in it not only an evidence of a desire on the part of the people to return to the political land-marks of the statesmen who guided them in the purer and better days of the republic, but also a pregnant warning of the swift and certain retribution which would overtake them should they unwisely persist in their super-constitutional and unrepublican designs.

But let the work go on, and while Congress has its hand in had it not better poke up Illinois a little? A Convention to amend the Constitution has just been called in that State, and the friends of Congress in that body, much to their surprise and annoyance, find themselves in the minority. The three great States of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, also evince unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction with the proceedings of Congress, and they, too, need a wholesome currying. If Congress would but concentrate its energies upon these sulky sisters, and give them suitable admonition, perhaps it would be better for all of us. Give it to them. Spare not the rod, lest the child be spoiled.

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Escaped.—On Tuesday evening, 4th inst., between 7 and 8 o'clock, eight prisoners escaped from the jail of this county. It is presumed they, by some means, procured keys and unlocked the cell doors, and forcing the door at the foot of the stairs, escaped. They were all negroes, except one, John Williams, and five were under sentence to the Penitentiary, and were to have been removed to Raleigh in a few days.

Daniel Whiteheart, charged with murder, was too sick to make his escape, and a negro girl, whose cell was not unlocked, only remain. None of the escaped have been arrested, and Sheriff Masten offers a reward of $250 for their apprehension.

We learn a man by the name of Carson has been arrested on suspicion of being accessory to the jail delivery.

☞ There is a little, picayune rebellion going on in the upper part of Canada among the people of a place called Winnepeg. These contumacious subjects of Queen Victoria don't want to be incorporated in the Dominion of Canada, and have kicked out of traces. The snow is so deep that the Canadian authorities cannot send troops to bring the Winnepeggers to their senses, and so their spasmodic effort at independence will probably last until the weather moderates. But that is no matter. The old couplet says

"'Tis better to have tried and failed,
Than never to have tried at all."

Horses Stolen.—On Sunday night, the 2d inst., some suspected persons (strangers,) broke into the horse stable of Judge Starbuck, and stole his two fine bay horses. The thieves also took two saddles and bridles from M. V. Faircloth, and a halter and saddle cloth from Dr. Wheeler. The suspected persons arrived here the day previous, on the stage from High Point, and they and the horses were missing at the same time.

Nothing positive has been heard from the horses since; Judge Starbuck offers a reward of $200.

☞ Some peripatetic scribbler, who professes to have had a talk with Governor Holden, writes to the New York *Times* that he found our illustrious chief "in good spirits." Considering the ominous character of the political cloud now gathering around His Excellency, and in view of an amiable weakness he is said to possess, is it not more probable that instead of being "in good Spirits," the good spirit were *in him?*

☞ Col Wm. Cocke, of Ashville, has been appointed Grand Lecturer for the State of North Carolina by Gen. R. E. Vance, the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the ancient and honorable order of Free and Accepted Masons, in this State. No abler man than Col. Cocke could have been selected for this important duty. Well versed in all the intricacies and mysteries of the gentle craft, he will be warmly welcomed in every lodge he may be called upon to visit.

Salem Female Academy.—We do not know how a paragraph found its way into the State papers, stating that the Female Academy in this place *is crowded*. The truth is, the school is in a flourishing condition, but there is still room for more pupils.

Persons wishing to patronize this Institution need have no fears on account the comfort of its inmates.

☞ The New York Legislature has organized with a working majority opposed to the Federal administration. It is evident that the actions of the preceding Legislature ratifying the XV amendment, will be repealed; and the new Speaker of the House, Mr. Hitchman, addressing that body, threatened serious consequences should Congress refuse to recognize the act of repeal. It will be recollected that New Jersey repealed her act of ratification and Congress refused to recognize the repeal.

☞ A New York paper states that "a wild woman" was recently captured in the woods in Florida, and that several benevolent gentlemen have undertaken "to tame her, and make her a useful member of society." It does not take much to make a useful member of society in Florida, as society is now constituted in that State, and therefore we trust the efforts of the benevolent individuals above alluded to will be crowned with success.

While we are upon the subject of "wild women," however, we should like to ask if there are not a few of that class away up North, who might afford congenial employment to a few enterprising and philanthropic gentlemen. These "wild women" may be known by their cravings for an unenviable and unfeminine notoriety, by their aping the manners and pursuits of the sterner sex, by their brazen advocacy of "Woman's Rights" and numerous other social nostrums, compounded and patented by the crazy political quacks of New England and their no less crazy brethren in other States. If these "wild women" were to be caught and tamed, they also might be made "useful members of society," which they are very far from being at present; and perhaps our New York brethren would find less time to go into hysterics over the single "wild woman" they have raked up in Florida.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

☞ We would direct attention to R. W. Wommack's new store advertisement. He has a varied and well selected stock of *all new goods*, and holds forth at the old stand of Boner and Crist.

☞ Patterson & Co., know what virtue there is in advertising,—in other words, letting the public know that they desire to sell their wares,—"a nimble sixpence being deemed better than a slow shilling."

☞ At Zevely's Drug Store, all articles are cheap, fresh, and genuine.

☞ See Dr. Siewers' card in another column. The doctor has already gained the confidence of the public, and does credit to the profession.

☞ See prospectus of leading periodicals, on last page.

☞ A friend, a few days since, by way of encouragement, told us to "go ahead, and pitch into Bill Holden, Tom Settle, John P. Poe, and all them fellows, and just rub it in till it stung 'em." We regretted to throw a wet blanket over our adviser's enthusiasm, but duty compelled us to inform him that our chief fight should be against measures instead of men; that if measures fell, the men who supported them would be very apt to fall with them. In the course of an editorial career extending over a dozen years, we have learned the important lesson that a journalist can advocate the principles and maintain the interests of his party more effectually than by descending to the level of a blackguard; and that in a faithful adhesion to principle it is seldom, if ever, necessary to discuss or traduce the personal character of an opponent. It is legitimate to crack a harmless jest at the expense of an antagonist, and his political course and opinions are at all times subject to impartial and even pungent criticism, but beyond that no journalist has the right to go. The liberty of the press is one thing, its unbridled license is another, and no thinking man will confound the two.

More Food for the Hungry.

The New York *Herald* publishes the text of an important bill to be introduced into Congress this session by one of the everlasting Washburne family, proposing that the Federal government shall purchase all the telegraph lines in the United States, and establish a government telegraph monopoly as in the case of the postal service. There is every possibility that some such bill will pass both Houses, the *real* object being to extend the government patronage, and thus strengthen by so much the extreme faction which has control of Federal affairs. The telegraph system once in the hands of the government, there will be thousands and thousands of berths ready for the friends of the dominant party. Every station, big and little, on the telegraph routes will have one or more officials appointed and paid by the government. Notwithstanding the New York *Herald*, and some other Brobdignag journals, are enthusiastic over the proposed measure, we can, with our present lights, see nothing in it to excite our admiration, or reconcile us to the further extension of Federal patronage. The land is cursed with too many government locusts already, and few desire the infliction of a fresh swarm.

"The Ever Faithful Isle."

The revolution in Cuba—"the ever faithful isle," as it has been fondly termed by its Spanish masters—still progresses, and the struggling patriots, though hemmed in on all sides by hostile fleets, which cut them off, in a great measure, from outside support and "sympathy," not only hold their own with wonderful tenacity, but even threaten the capital itself. Cespedes, the revolutionary President, claims to have some 40,000 well armed men under passable discipline, against some 75,000 Spanish troops. The former inured to their island climate, are more than a match for the latter, who are daily dwindling away before the ravages of those sudden and deadly epidemics which are peculiar to the tropics. The Cubans have formally declared the abolition of slavery, enrolled the able-bodied male slaves in the revolutionary army, and devastated their sugar plantations, so that the Spanish government might realize no revenue from that important source. In a recent proclamation, President Cespedes uses the following language: "We have directed that the armies should burn and destroy the cane-fields of the island, and disable the sugar mills. We have liberated 145,000 slaves at a loss of $100,000,000. We have seen a ruthless, merciless soldiery march into our homes and declare them theirs. Our wives and children have been outraged, our property appropriated by inhuman hirelings, and now when we propose to destroy the crops that our tyrants may not realize any revenue from them, we are called bandits and incendiaries. We have our duty to perform, and taking our wisest counsellers into our confidence, we

have gone straight forward in the programme of our duty."

The Cubans have the sympathy of every people who aspire to be free, and while we cannot deny them ours, we are constrained to express the fear that their present struggle terminate as it may, will result in the utter destruction of the material prosperity of the island, and its reduction to the deplorable condition either of a conquered dependency, or a feeble republic like all the Spanish American States.

☞ A colored man named Jones, occupying the position of Alderman in Wilmington, N. C., died in that city a few days since; whereupon the flags throughout that city were directed to be placed at "half-mast," and during the funeral all the public offices were closed, the bells rung, and the city authorities attended in a body.

☞ In glancing over the metropolitan papers of the North, one cannot help being struck with the terrible catalogue of crimes each day divulges, the recital of which causes the blood to run cold. In one single journal, the New York *Times* of the 3d inst., we find nearly two columns of murders, suicides, attempted assassinations, highway robberies, and other high crimes transpiring in that city during the preceding forty-eight hours. If such a condition of affairs existed in our sober-sided old State of North Carolina, we would not wonder at Governor Holden calling for militia; but it is worthy of note that the Governor of New York has called for no troops, nor does he intend to call for any. He wisely thinks the people perfectly capable of vindicating their own laws, and punishing the crimes committed in their midst without the help of gubernatorial bayonets.

That's Right.—We notice meetings are being held throughout the State denunciatory of the military bill now pending in the Legislature, as well as the movement among the members of that body to hold their seats for four instead of two years.

☞ Wyoming Territory has taken the lead in granting to females the right to vote at all elections and hold office. The Territorial Legislature passed a bill to that effect on the 12th ult. The men will have to stand aside as soon as the angels get their dainty fingers into politics.—Wyoming will be a perfect Paradise henceforward.

"If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of"—Wyoming.

Hard to Beat.—Mr. A. Fogle, Steward of Salem Female Academy, slaughtered twenty hogs on the 5th inst., averaging 340⅔ lbs. This is decidedly the best lot of pork we have heard of in many a day.

☞ Many of the leading Republican journals at the North are advocating a reduction of the present tariff which they declare to be, in many respects, prohibitory. They think the government ought to reduce its revenues, and leave the duty of liquidating the national debt, to posterity.

Municipal Election.—The recent election of town officers for this place resulted as follows:

Mayor.—A. Fogle.

Commissioners.—J. D. Siewers, J. G. Sides, A. Spaugh, E. W. Lineback, H. W. Fries, A. F. Pfohl and E. T. Blum.

☞ The State Logislature met on Monday last. There being no quorum present in either house, adjourned to Tuesday.—And that's the way the money goes!

In the Senate, on Tuesday, a resolution was introduced in favor of economy, retrenchment and reform, which was laid over.

In the House no quorum present.

Rail Road Sale.—*First Day.*—On Wednesday, a large concourse of people were present, from a distance and from the surrounding country, attending the sale of horses, mules, &c., belonging to the North-Western North Carolina Railroad Company. The stock brought fair prices, the mules ranging from $300 to $400 a pair. The lot of mules sold averaged about $157 a piece, the day's sale amounting to $8,800.

We learn that there was a good deal of outside jockeying, on the street, presenting upon the whole, a lively aspect. There's life in the old land yet; somebody's got the dimes, and it looks like "brighter times ahead."

☞ Tyre Glen, Esq., had two mules stolen last week.

☞ G. M. Whiteside, the Conservative candidate, was triumphantly elected to the State Senate for the 38th District.

☞ The Maryland Legislature, which convened on the 5th inst., has not a single Republican in either House,

New York and the Fifteenth Amendment.—The Legislature of New York on Wednesday repealed the act of ratification of the fifteenth amendment adopted by the preceding Legislature which was then Republican by a considerable majority. The vote in the State Senate on the repeal was 16 to 13, and in the House 65 to 56—a joint majority of 12.

The battlefield of Chancellorsville has been bought by a Baltimore gentleman for $8,200.

The Forsyth Literary Society.

This excellent association, composed of the young men of this county, gave its annual entertainment at the Court-House in Winston on the night of the 29th ult., in the presence of a large and appreciative audience, which had assembled to testify its approbation of those pursuits which lead to excellence, refinement and wisdom, and which give character to the youth who follow them as surely as those pursuits give character which lead in a less creditable direction.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. W. Albea, after which our young friend Mr. Robah F. Gray, spoke in a creditable manner,—subject, "Night bringeth forth stars." This was succeeded by a debate between Messrs N. B. Griffin and W. H. Ried, upon the question "Should capital punishment be abolished," the former taking the affirmative and the latter the negative position. It is a question which has puzzled the brightest intellects among philanthropists, statesmen, and scholars for many a long year, and is yet without an accepted or acceptable solution. It was not to be supposed, therefore, that neophytes in logic and tyros in debate could shed new light upon so difficult a subject, yet it was handled with ease and skillfulness. Though the argument of Mr. Griffin was the abler of the two, the dilivery of Mr Ried was superior to that of his opponent. Both acquitted themselves creditably, their effort eliciting deserved applause. The debate being concluded, Mr. Leon W. Masten rendered "There is a destiny before us," in a manner which argues well for his future powers.

The great card of the evening, however, was the annual address delivered by Robert F. Gray, Esq., of Winston, a young gentleman of culture, in every way calculated to enact his role as orator of the association. It was not our good fortune to hear this address, and but few hints have reached us as to its purport, but it is spoken of by those who did hear it in terms of the highest commendation. We learn that the speaker addressed himself particularly to the young men of the age, and portrayed in lively colors the important part they were destined to enact in the ever shifting drama of human life. That in the young men of to-day were the philosophers, the divines, the warriors and the statesmen of the future. That they should strive to render themselves worthy of their high destiny, and equal to its demands. That they should even now commence to take that interest in public affairs which will teach them how to wisely wield, in after years, the powers which must inevitably fall under their control. We earnestly endorse the sentiments of the accomplished orator, and declare to the young men of North Carolina that they have years, hope, happiness and power before them. Let them step to the front ranks, and take their rightful part in the restoration of their beloved State to its former pinnacle of pride and glory. Let them reflect that the gods no longer dwell upon Olympus, and the memory of their shattered altars reposes only in the musty annals of the dead ages; that a new dispensation has flooded the world with light, and the olden oracles are dumb. Let them remember that the great men of our republic have passed away, and their voices speak only from the tomb upon issues that were buried with them; that a new era has begun, in which we need new ideas, new issues, and new leaders. Let them not forget that in Virginia it was the young men who led in the Walker canvass—men whose patent of nobility was won upon the bloody battle fields of the great conflict—men who had made the circuit of the South from Manassas Plains to the prairies of Texas—men who had rushed with Jackson upon the dismayed hosts of Banks and Hooker—these were the men who *led* in the fight with Wells and his associate plunderers, and side by side with the gallant men who had fought in the Union armies, and remained steadfast to the Union cause, gave the first blow to the dominion of the carpet-bagger. Let the young men of this State con the lesson, and emulate the proud example.

Our article has already grown beyond the limits originally designed, and we will only say, in conclusion, that the Salem Brass Band was present at the entertainment, and interspersed the exercises with most eloquent music.

The Little Corporal.—This brilliant juvenile for January makes its appearance in a new dress and with new engraved title page on the cover. It claims to have a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world; and deserves its great popularity, both because of its originality and sterling worth, and because it gives so much for so small a price, only one dollar a year. Published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, Ill. All the children should have it. It will make them both better and happier, all through the year. All who subscribe before the first of the year will receive the Nov. and Dec. numbers of the old year free.

☞ John Chandler, near Sandy Ridge, Stokes County, fell from his wagon, and was crushed to death, by the wheels passing over his body.

Demorest's Young America.—The January number of this beautiful Juvenile Monthly must prove a real prize to all the boys and girls securing it. The elegant Chromo Pictures of the birds of America, and numerous other fine engravings, together with its entertaining stories, music, picture puzzels, etc., make a combination of attractions seldom found in one periodical. Yearly, $1.50, with a beautiful premium to each subscriber.—Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

The Rural Carolinian.—Col. D. Wyatt Aikin, one of the leading planters in this State, has become associated with Messrs. Walker, Evans & Cogswell as joint proprietors of this valuable agricultural monthly.

Earthquake in California.

A dispatch from San Francisco dated the 27th says: The heaviest earthquake ever experienced in Eastern California and Nevada occurred about six o'clock last evening. The shock was felt with more or less severity at Sacramento, Marysville, Grass Valley, Nevada City, Iowa Hill, Stockton, Chicago, Truckee, and other neighboring towns. At Virginia City, Nevada, walls were thrown down, door-bells rung and clocks stopped. Great consternation was general. The shock was felt severely in the lower levels of the mines. The vibrations were north and south and lasted about ten seconds.—At Reno the shock was preceded by a low rumbling, which lasted nearly two minutes, alarming the inhabitants. The express train bound back was detained about an hour between Wadsworth and Reno by large rocks and earth thrown on the track by the earthquake. The shocks were felt throughout Western Nevada; they continued all night. The Virginia City down train on the Carson Road was thrown from the track.

Tennessee.

The Constitutional Convention of Tennessee will be almost wholly Democratic. There will be but five or six Radicals in the body. Among the delegates are A. O. P. Nicholson, once a United States Senator; John Netherland, former member of Congress; Neil S. Brown, Governor of the State in 1843; George W. Jones and Milton Brown, ex-members of Congress; Robt. J. McKinney, John F. House, John C. Thompson, Humphrey Bates, J. J. Polk, J. A. Gardner, and others of recognized ability and character.—*Wilmington Star.*

The Franking System.

One member of Congress has set himself earnestly at work to abolish the shameful evils growing out of the franking privilege. Hon. John Hill, of New Jersey, is gathering facts and petitions to lay before the House, and if he is vigorously sustained by the people, perhaps he may make an impression for good. It appears that there are now just about 32,000 persons who may send what they will by mail without paying for it. It costs us $5,000,000 to do the carrying for these men. One writer says that "chests of tea and barrels of flour have been transported by the department, under frank, as public documents." "Some very amusing stories," says the *Evening Post*, "are told of the use and abuse of this privilege, before it was abolished in Great Britain and France. On one occasion a hunting horse and fifteen hounds were franked to their destination. Two maid servants for a high officer were so forwarded. Four flitches of bacon to one address once went free through the mails. It is no wonder that the privilege was abolished abroad, and abuses nearly, if not quite, as gross, call for its abolition in this country."

It is said that an immense deal of emigration to the West is going on from the northern part of Georgia, and from portions of Virginia, to Arkansas, Texas, and Missouri. The average number of emigrants passing through Atlanta daily is estimated at 250. They are mostly what are known as "poor white folks," who are disinclined to come into competition with the freed negroes as laborers, and unable to make a living where they are, as planters.

Three members of a German family at Belvidere, Ill., died recently from trichinæ, communicated by eating ham. Eight others are affected and will probably die

DIED,

At his residence, in Davie County, Stephen Douthit, a highly respected citizen, aged 60 years.

LIST OF LETTERS

A List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., January 1st, 1870.

LADIES' LIST.

Miss Esther Beckerdite, Miss Mary A. Day, Miss Polly Hunt, Miss E. V. Hine, Miss Elizabeth Kimbrell, Miss Julia A. Long, Miss Gracey M. Clain, Mrs. Ann T. Nelson, Mrs. Mary Parnell, Miss Martha Parker, Miss Victoria Saunders, Mrs. R. L. Tally, Mrs. Julia Whicker.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

J. B. Bodenhamer, T. Bodenhamer, Adam Clodfelter, J. I. Craft, B. J. Crawley, Alex. E. Daniel, Thomas Drain, Simon Glenn, Mallikia Gillos, Phillip Hopkins, John Johnson, William Johnson, L. C. Luper, James Logan, Solomon I. Lee, Willis Marshall, 2, George Newsum, J. A. Peacock, A. B. Petre, Daniel Steward, Archibal Sink, Phillip Snider, F. J. Smith, Abraham Teague, A. S. Teague, Milford Vernooy, William T. Warner, P. A. Warner, M. V. Warner, J. W. Warner, N. E. Whitman.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

MUEHLBACH'S HIS. NOVELS
Should be read by all.
For sale at the BOOK-STORE.

MRS. EVAN'S NOVELS.
Beulah, St. Elmo, Inez, Vashti.
For sale at the BOOK-STORE.

The New South.

The Charleston *News* makes a comparison from material obtained from the report of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, from which it concludes that "Dixie is mighty, and will prevail." It finds that Illinois yields corn to the value of $16.32 an acre, wheat at $22.45, and barley at $28.54 per acre. Kansas yields corn at $26.64, wheat at $19.80, and barley at $25.92 per acre. Missouri yields corn at $17.95, wheat at $25.80, and barley at $30.80 per acre. Turning to the South it finds that Virginia yields a higher average of corn than Illinois, say $17.60, also tobacco at $86.25 per acre. North Carolina yields tobacco at $112.79 per acre, Louisiana and Mississippi yields sugar cane at $200 per acre. South Carolina and Georgia yield rice at $95, and Sea Island cotton at $140 per acre. And the twelve cotton States yield upland cotton at an average of $60 per acre. In conclusion, the News assumes that the value of the lands of the West is really far more speculative than intrinsic, and that the advance in price has been because of the vast tide of immigration which always flowed towards the West and rapidly settled up the country. It admits that the old institution of slavery discouraged immigration, and so impeded the material progress of the South. But now that slavery is dead, and with an open chance for the competition of free labor, it anticipates that immigrants will pour into that section and [illegible] the lands to their true value.—*Star.*

THE MARKETS

Corrected Weekly by E. A. Vogler,
Wholesale and Retail Merchant.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 14, 1870.

Bacon, 16 to 18 cts.
Beeswax, 35 cents.
Beef, 5 for fore and 6 for hindquarter.
Butter, 25 cents per lb
Coffee, 25 @ 30 cents, according to quality.
Cotton Yarns, $2 15 by single bunch.
Cotton Sheetings, 15 cts. by the bale, 16 to 18 cts. single yard.
Candles, tallow, 25 cents per lb.
" *adamantine*, 30 cts.
Chickens, 15 to 20 cents.
CORN, new, $1 00.
Cheese, 25 cents per lb.
Eggs, 15 to 00 cents per dozen.
Flaxseed, $1 50 to $1 75 for 56 pounds.
FLOUR, $4½ to 5 per 100 pounds.
ERUIT, Dried Apples, 4 to 7 cents.
" *Peaches*, peeled, 12 to 18.
" " unp'l'dhalves, 8 to 12
" " " quarters 5 to 6
" *Blackberries*, no sale.
" *Cherries*, 25.
" *Plums*, 25.
" *Damsons*, 15.
" *Pears*, 10 to 15.
Feathers, 50 cents per lb.
Hay, 40 cents per 100 lbs.
Iron, Bar, 6½, Castings, 10 per lb.
Lard, 18 cents.
Leather, Sole, 30 to 35 cents.
Molasses, Cuba, 75 cents per gallon.
Sorghum, 60 cents.
Fine Syrup, $1 25.
Nails, 8 cents per lb; 7½ by the keg.
Oats, 65 cts. per bushel; Sheaf 25 cts. per doz.
Peas, per bushel $1 00.
Powder, 15 cents by the quarter, 50 cents by the pound.
Potatoes, Irish, $1 00 per bushel.
Rice, 15 cents per lb.
Rye, $1 25 per bushel.
Rags, 3 a 3½ cents.
Sugar, brown, 10⅜; clarif'd 20 cents per lb. Crushed 22½, pulverized, 22½.
Salt, Good Liverpool, $3 25 per Sack. Am. 3 00
Veal, 6 @ 7 cents per lb.
Mutton, 6 @ 7 cents "
Homemade Vinegar, 25 Œ 30 cts. per gallon.
Malt Vinegar, 60 cents.
WHEAT, for 60 lbs., $1 10 to $1 60.

Dr. N. S. SIEWERS

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services, and will be pleased to attend calls at any hour of the day or night.

☞ Office at the residence of Mr. John D. Siewers. jan. 14–3m

NEW STORE!

I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that I have opened at the old stand of

BONER & CRIST,

a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS,

MERINOES, PLAIDS,

ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, AND CALICOES,

OF THE LATEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES.

ALSO,

Notions and Fancy Goods,

[illegible] GOODS, IRISH LINEN, &c.,

A large and varied assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Can be found at my Establishment.

Farmers and Mechanics will find in my Stock of

HARDWARE,

everything they may desire, and at prices that will compare favorably with any in the market.

In a word, purchasers will find my stock to consist of everything usually kept in a first-class retail house, all of which has been bought with special care, and on the most favorable terms, thereby enabling me to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH OR BARTER.

☞ Country produce of all kinds wanted

R. A. WOMMACK,
AGENT.

Salem, Jan. 14th, 1870. 1s–tf.

NEW BOOKS!

The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon,
Elliott's "How Lisa Loved the King,
" Spanish Gipsey,
Auerbach's Black Forest Tales,
Hilt to Hilt, by Cook,
Ethlyn's Mistake, by Miss Holmes,
Art of Conversation,
For sale at the BOOK-STORE.

PATTERSON & CO'S COLUMN.

R. L. PATTERSON. H. W. FRIES.

OVER

1,000 PERSONS

WILL [illegible]

THAT THE

LARGEST,

BEST SELECTED,

AND

LOWEST PRICED

STOCK OF GOODS

IN

SALEM or WINSTON,

IS TO BE FOUND

AT

OUR STORE.

WE BUY FOR *CASH,* AND we sell for *cash,* and are thereby enabled to supply our customers with the best goods at the most reasonable prices.—We keep our stock full at all times, replenishing as rapidly as the goods are sold.

We shall spare no effort to please our customers. We invite the attention of the public to our stock before purchasing elewhere.

For such produce as we buy, we pay *cash or goods,* as the customer may prefer.

We are now purchasing CORN, and offer, in *cash,* the highest market price.

OUR WAGON YARD

is the most convenient one in either town, and is free, at all times, to our customers.

Hoping that our friends will sustain us in the future, as they have done in the past, we extend to them the compliments of the season, and trust that the new year may bring happiness and prosperity to each and all of them.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, Jan. 1, 1870.

ZEVELY'S

DRUG STORE,

POST OFFICE BUILDING.

THOSE who wish to supply themselves with fresh and reliable

DRUGS & MEDICINES

can always find them at the above establishment, at resonable prices.

FANCY ARTICLES,
PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
NOTIONS,
PATENT MEDICINES,

in fact everything in his line always on hand.

A. T. ZEVELY.

Jan. 14, 1870.

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE.

LATELY MUCH IMPROVED—AND THE NEW

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER

Improved with Rowell's Patent Double Cog Wheels, and the Patent Stop, are now un questionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."—*Rev. L. Scott, Bishop M. E. Church.*

"It is worth one dollar a week in any family."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"In the laundry of my house there is perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention.'—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry.'—*N. Y. Observer.*

"I heartily commend it to economists of time, money, and contentment."—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

"Friend Doty—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success.—I assure you 'our Machine' after a year's use, is thought more of, to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."—*Solon Robinson.*

"Your Washing Machine has been in daily use in our laundry, and the housekeeper expresses herself as highly pleased with it. It certainly accomplishes a greater amount of work, with less labor, and does not wear the clothes near so much as the old fashioned washboard. By using it, one laundress is dispensed with."—*Wm. M. F. Round, Superintendent of Infant's Department of St. Catharine's Nursery, N. Y. City.*

PRICES.---A Fair Offer.

Send the retail price, Washer, $14, Extra Wringer, $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines, free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

No husband, father or brother should *permit* the drudgery of washing with the hands, fifty-two days in the year, when it can be done better, more expeditiously, with less labor, and no injury to the garments, by a Doty Clothes Washer and Universal Wringer.

Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made.

R. C. BROWNING, *Gen. Agent.*
32 Cortlandt St., New York.

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What Everybody Says Must Be So.

The Conqueror of all Snuff.

G. W. G. GGGGG & AX'S
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CELEBRATED
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SCOTCH SNUFF
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Has been fully tested and pronounced by all amateur dippers to be the best Snuff now in use. Its superior taste and pureness from all drugs and injurious ingredients, commonly used in the preparation of other snuff, has gained it a wide world reputation.

Do not fail to try it for you will like it.
Ask for it and take no other.

For sale by all dealers in Salem and Winston.

Patterson & Co., } Agents for Salem N. C.
E. A. Vogler, }

Rowland Bros., Wholesale Grocers, Agents for Norfolk, Va.

L. J. Bossieux, Wholesale Confectioner, Agent for Richmond, Va.

E. W. Williams & Co., Wholesale Grocers, gents for Charleston, S. C.

Notice.—The high reputation that our Snuff has attained has induced certain manufacturers to imitate our trade mark; the superior quality of our snuff does not lay in the trade mark but the superior quality of tobacco it is manufactured of.

G. W. GAIL & AX.

August 13, 1869—43–1y.

People Will Talk.

We may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If we listen to all that is said as we go,
We'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For medlesome tongues must have something to do,
For People will talk.

If quiet and modest 'twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited; keep perfectly cool,
For People will talk.

If generous and noble they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean,
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,
For People will talk.

If threadbare your coat or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one, of course, will take notice of this,
And hint rather close that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say,
For People will talk.

Good friend, take my advice and do as you please,
For your mind—if you have one—will then be at ease;
Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use,
For People will talk.

Humorous.

Andrew Jackson on Astronomy.

It is the opinion of a good many clever people that what "Old Hickory" didn't know wasn't worth knowing, and we suspect that Old Hickory inclined to that opinion himself. He was a brave fighter, a first-rate judge of horses, and on astronomy—well, he would have made a sensation as a lecturer on that branch of science, if a writer in Appleton's Journal is to be credited. He dined one day at the White House when Jackson was President. In the course of the dinner Major Donalson, I think, was talking very interestingly upon some recent discoveries in astronomy. After listening a while, the General raised his somewhat thin voice rather highly: "I tell you, Major, that we don't really know anything about the weight and size of those heavenly bodies. It's all a guess and pretense. It's nonesense, sir, to talk about a little spark, twinkling away up in the sky, as if we knew how far off it was, and just how big it was." "But, General," returned the Major, "if we did not know the place and the dise of some of the distant planets and stars, how could their position be calculated, and how could eclipses be predicted, years ahead, with perfect certainty and exactness?" "That's all very easy," replied the General. "It's done by *tradition*, sir. The stars move in regular orbits. Their places are observed at certain times and noted; and when they come again to the same places, it's observed and handed down and so, sir, we know when they will be in those places again, it may be a hundred years hence. It's all very simple.—I don't believe a word of what these astronomers say about the immense distance and size of fixed stars. I shouldn't wonder if the moon was as big as any of them."

It was hardly deemed judicious to press the conversation on astronomy any further.

Jackson would have recalled any foreign minister and turned out any member of his Cabinet if he had ventured to butt his head against Jackson's ideas on astronomy.—*Nashville Press & Times.*

Taking a Shower Bath.

Doctor—"Well, how did your wife manage her shower bath, deacon?"

Deacon—"She had real good luck. Madam Moody told her how she managed.—She had a large oiled silk cap, with a cape to it, like a fisherman's, that came all over her shoulders and head."

Doctor—"She's a fool for her pains.—That's not the way."

Deacon—"So my wife thought."

Doctor—"Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope?"

Deacon—"O, no; she used an umbrilly!"

Doctor—"What, used an umbrella! What the mischief good did the shower bath do her?"

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss: I'll flog you for an hour."

"Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss with you to make it two hours or nothing."

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great battle of life?

"I mind my own business," was the reply.

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Books of Travel,

New Novels,

Poems.

Together with a full assortment of

BOOKS

FOR FIRESIDE READING.

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FOR THE YEAR

1870,

NOW READY!

Price Reduced.

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Salem, N. C.

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POSTOFFICE BUILDING

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LAMPS, OIL, &c.,

Also another supply of Drugs, Medicines Dyestuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, &c., at

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VIEWS OF CENTRAL PARK

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A FINE LOT OF COLORED

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Suitable for Framing, consisting of

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PORT FOLIOS.

Leather and Cloth, a very convenient and safe case for Paper, Correspondence, &c.

For sale at BLUMS.

CHROMOS.

A few of these beautiful pictures on hand. Call and see them.

PEN LETTER BOOKS, with Inks. This is a copying book without the use of a press.
Letter Files—a book to preserve your letters received.
Mourning Paper and Envelopes.
Fancy Envelopes,—Carrier Dove and others.
Curtain Fixtures, complete.
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Backgammon Boards.
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New Form Book or Magistrate's Guide.
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"Secretaries" and "Correspondence,"— a new supply.
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WE will send the following valuable and highly interesting Books by mail, upon receipt of price:

Every Man his Own Lawyer, and Business Form Book. Price $2 75.
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Diary of a Refugee, $2 00.
Wearing the Gray, (600 pp.) $4 50.
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New Physiognomy or Signs of Character $5 50.
New Illustrated Self Instructor, $1 00.
Life of Christ, $1 75.
Schonberg Cotta Family, $2 00.
On Both Sides of the Sea, do
Diary of Kitty Trevylyan, do
Early Dawn, do
Drayton's and Devanant's, do
Prayers of the Ages, $3 00.
Jargal, $2 00.
Four Oaks, $2 00.
St Elmo, $2 25.
Arabian Knights, $2 25.
Gulliver's Travels, $1 75.
Horse Shoe Robinson, $2 25.

Address, L. V. BLUM.
Salem, N. C. Jan.. 1, 1870.

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DEVOTIONAL BOOKS.
DAILY BIBLE READINGS for the Lord's Household. Intended for the Family Circle or closet.
GREEN PASTURES; or Daily Food for the Lord's Flock
STILL WATERS; or Refreshment for the Savior's Flock at Eventide.
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Hannah Moore's Private Devotions.
Heaven our Home.
The Changed Cross, and other Poems.
Spurgeon's Gems. Morning by Morning.
Jay's Family Prayers.
Macduff's Family Prayers, (Presbyterian.)
POCKET BIBLES, with and without clasps.
Basket of Flowers.
Forget Me Not. Parting Gift.
Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.
Biblical Antiquities.
"Heavenward," a collection of poems of consolation, full gilt. A charming book for the home circle.
Yesterday, To-day and Forever.

POEMS.

COWPER, TENNYSON, LONGFELLOW, BYRON, MILTON, MOORE, BURNS.
EMBLEMS OF POETRY, Gold border around each page, gilt edges.
FORGET ME NOT,
PARTING GIFT.
POETRY OF FLOWERS,
THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

All the above books are uniformly bound in muslin, gilt edges and gold border around each page.

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Hillside Library,	Sunnyban[illegible]
Rosebud Stories,	Charlie's Litt[illegible]y,
Arabian Nights,	Gulliver's Travels,
Aesop's Fables,	Story Book of Wond's
Nutshell of Knowledge,	Robinson Crusoe,
Paul and Virginia,	Young Marooners,
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Forest Exiles,	Boy Tar,
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The Bush Boys,	Plant Hunters,
Desert Home,	Boy Hunters,
White Guantlet,	Bruin,
Headless Horseman,	Child Wife,
Outward Bound,	Shamrock and Thistle,
Red Cross,	Dikes and Ditches.

Gorrilla Huuter, Coral Island, Child life in Italy, Frank the Young Naturalist, Adventures of Baron Munchausen, Cast Aaway in the Cold, Culm Rock, Picture Poetry, Young Fur Traders, Swiss Family Robinson, Butterfly Hunters, What Makes Me Grow, Queer Little People, Grim's Gobling, Farming for Boys, Stories of Many Lands, Far and Near, My Pretty Gift Book, Frank on the Prairie, Red Letter Days, Royal Road to Spelling and Reading.

NEW BOOKS.

Thousand Miles Walk across South America, Trial, Mohun, Norwood, Godfrey's Fortunes, The Story of Kennett, Conquest of Florida, Ruby's Husband, Jargal, Woman's Kingdom, Found and Lost, Gordian Knot, Beaucleres, Breakspeare, Too True, Foul Play, Smoking and Drinking.

Lost Lenore,	Hunter's Feast,
Scalp Hunters,	TigerHunters,
Afloat in the Forest,	Boy Slaves,
Book of Quadrupeds,	Ocean Waifs.

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Readers—The New Elementary Reader. N. C. Readers, McGuffey's old and new series, New York Readers, &c.
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Grammars—Smith's Bullions and Murray's English Grammar.
Arithmetics—Emerson's and Davies' Arithmetics, and Keys.
Histories—Robbins' Outlines, Quackenbos. Davenport's and Tytler's Universa
Dictionaries—Primary, Common School, High School, Academic, Family, New National Pictorial, & Jewett's French Dictionary, Cobb's Pocket Lexicon, Webster's Pocket Lexicon
Speakers—Dime Speakers and Dialogues, Ross's Speaker, Humorous Speak'r, Sargent's Primary, Northend's Entertaining Dialogues, &c.
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SPENCER'S LATIN LESSONS,
Bullion's Latin Reader,
" " Grammar,
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" " Cicero,
Anthon's " Virgil,
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Pencil Points, Slate Pencils and Sponge,
Ink Erasers, Rubber Rulers and [illegible]
Pencil Sharpeners, Ivory Fold[illegible]
Elastic Bands, Trans. Slates,
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&c., &c.

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Commercial & French Note, Packet Post & Fine Wove Letter, Counting House, Common Journal, Legal Cap, Bill Paper, &c., &c.

Docket Paper, for Clerks of Courts.
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THE PERIODICALS WHICH THE HARPERS PUBLISH ARE ALMOST IDEALLY WELL EDITED.—*The Nation, N. Y.*

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